

Lars was a big dragon. He was green and had red eyes. He shot long flames from his mouth. The grass around his cave was scorched.

Lars was the meanest dragon in the land. He scared the people in the village. At night the people would look up to Lar's cave. They saw the mighty flames he breathed. He blew the smoke down to the village. Often the people could not breathe. The smoke was too thick.

One day the people of the village had a party. It was a holiday. All work stopped. The men came in from the fields. The women and children stopped their chores. They began to get ready for the party.

Girls and boys decorated the village. They tied ribbons on the trees. They painted hats to wear. They put flowers on the doors of the houses.

The men roasted meat over a fire. The women made sweet breads and cakes. They laid the food on the table. Then the people sat down to eat. They said thanks for the food. Then they ate and ate. The food was tasty.

Then the music started. The dancing began. The people danced in the square. It was loud and fun.

Smoke began to blow into the village. The smoke was hot and thick. The people could not breathe. It was the dragon! He was blowing the smoke. The party stopped. The people had to go inside their houses. They all were sad. The holiday was spoiled.

Then a little girl left her house. She slipped out. She did not want her mother to see her. She climbed the mountain. She went into the cave of Lars. Lars

blew fire at her. She was not scared. Lars did not understand.

"I am here to ask you to stop. We work hard. It is our party. Do not blow smoke. We cannot breathe," said the girl. "I am sorry," said Lars. "I just get jealous. I do not have any friends. I do not have parties."

"Come with me, dragon," said the girl. "Come to our party. Be our friend."

Lars smiled and took her hand. They walked down the mountain. The people were afraid at first. Then they knew Lars just wanted to be their friend.

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